FIRST CALLS OF THE MORNING.

Music of the Milkman, the Orange Pedler, the Scissors Grinder and a Dozen Other Every Day Visitors.



AVE you ever turned over restlessly in bed and wished that all the hucksters in the world were dead?

If thousands of persons who read this truthfully they would quickly reply in the affirmative. Judged from the standpoint of the business man the street

vendor is an unmitigated nuisance. Their cries jar rudely upon his ears and their importunities serve only to harass him.

But the street pedler, when considered from an entimistic view really has a mission to fulfil, and his cries are not altogether void of interest and usical quality. The wife of the business man looks for the coming of the vendor each day and recognizes him by his peculiar cry. She knows the man with vegetables by the sound of his voice, and the crisp celery, which does so much to quiet the nerves of her husband when he comes home at night, in the majority of cases has been brought to his door by the much despised singing prodler. This is also true of the luscious straw berries, which in summer slip over his patate with auggestions of tropical sweetness and refreshing acidity. Although the milkman arrives at an hour in the morning when the overworked broker thinks all animate nature ought to be asleep, his annoyance vanishes when he breaks his flaky bread into the brimming bowl of nutritious milk. WHY, OH! WHY?

Yet what earthly reason bas the milkman for nttering such a bideous cry as he rattles with his wagon over the cobble stones up to your door at three o'clock in the morning? The servant has hidden the pail away in a secure place where the milkman can find it easily. There is no necessity for any cry of warning. Still this pernicious habit of announcing his arrival has so grown upon him that it has become a part of his nature. As he throws the lines upon the back of his horse he jumps upon the sidewalk and utters the following cry. Do you recognize it?



Who.o-o-o-o-n-oni

P No sooner has the tired sleeper overcome the sheek given by this nocturnal visitor and dropped off into dreamiand again than he is re-awakened by the horse car bells. These, of course, have been running all night, but at intrequent intervals. As the new day, however, puts in an appearance and awakens the city to another twelve hours of activity the cars follow each other in rapid succession, and there is a continuous monotonous fingling up and down the street which caused the distracted would-be sleeper to plug his ears with cotton or to hide his head beneath the blankets. But it is not only the fingle of the bells that annoys him; it is the "Ammer, 'ammer,' ammor of the 'ores' sels upon the 'ard 'igh road." This closely resembles the ticking of an old fashloned clock. It is a rhythmical sound, and as nearly as it can be reproduced in musical notation it resembles the following:—



Clip, clip, clip, clip, clip, clip, clip, clip, We will presume it is Friday morning. The sun is shining upon the windows and turning the squalid tenement houses into palaces, when a harsh, discordant cry penetrates even through the cotton in the cars of the sleeper and notifies him, to his intense disgust, that the clam and fish man has arrived.

static foundation for his day's work. He simply turns his face to the wall and mutters, "Oh, 4—n that clam man." But the clam man is totally obtivious to this objurgation and he goes on up the treet, awakening other sleepers in precisely this



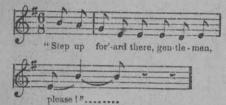
Hard shell clams! clams! Hereyouare!! Hard shell clams! clams! Hereyouare!!

At eight o'clock the sleeper arises, takes his bath and goes down to breakfast. Now that he is awake individual sounds do not make any specific impression upon his brain. As the door closes upon him after breakfast he steps out upon the sidewalk and is sainted simultaneously at the next corner by the bootblack and the newsboy. The business man may not notice that these cries of the bootblack and the newsboy are almost exactly similar upon the musical scale, while there is a marked dissimilarity in almost all the other street cries. The only apparent difference is that in one case more syllables are used to express the same musical idea. Here they are:—



Our business man now has immunity from the persecution of street cries for the long period of five minutes while the polish is being applied to his shoes and he is reading his paper. Then he stands up and shakes the wrinkles out of the knees of his trousers while the whick broom is busy at his back. He waits at the corner of the street for possibly two minutes, and then his car comes along.

It is now time for him to hear another one of the familiar ories to which he has become so accustomed through long practice that he takes no note of it. The conductor rings the bell to stop the car, and as our friend mounts the platform the conductor lays his hand upon his shoulder, and, unging him gently forward, sings out in a not unmusical tone:—





when the torrent of humanity is at its flood, lively with a varied assortment of itinerant vendors of small articles. As a rule these attract no attention whatever on the part of merchants and business men generally, who see them every day.

NNHEDED.

Among these are the vendors of suspenders and shoe laces. It would be safe to say that not one of the readers who peruse this article has seen one of these vendors make a sals. This is especially trus with regard to the shoe lace men. Still they stand around patiently on the sidewalk all day long, crying their wares in monotonous and unmusical tones. Our friend the merchant hears them casually, but as he happens to wear congress gatters and to be prosperous enough to pay fifty cents for his suspenders he passes along without paying any attention to the cries, which are rendered in a sort of chanting, Gregorian music style, as follows:—



Sus-pen ders? Col-lar but-tons?

By nine o'clock our merchant is safely ensconced in his office and is cheletred from street cries and importunity. He makes a flying trip to a neighboring restaurant at lunch time, and at five o'clock, when his work is done, he drops in at a billiard saloon to play a game with a friend. While the marble balls are kissing each other upon the green cloth he finds that even here he is not safe from the cries of the pedier. A man enters the saloon with a covered basket on his arm and walking around among the players, he tries to dispose of the contents of the basket. It contains soft shell crabs and thin slices of toasted bread. He retails crab sandwiches at two for twenty-fire cents. He cries his wares in a deep, barttone voice, pitched low, and his song is as follows:—



craus! Two for a quar-ter?

In the meantime the merchant's wife at home has been kept busy answering the kitchen door bell. One after another the book agent, the sewing machine man, the insurance flend, the mat pedier, the itinerant tinsmith who wants to trade off his wares for second hand clothing and a host of others have been disposed of.

SWEETS.

Then a two-wheeled cart is pushed up before the door and the fruit pedier makes his appearance. Long practice has made him a singer of no mean ability. His voice, if trained, would do credit to a vandeville company. It is round, full and senerous. His cart is piled with golden tropical fruit. He is afraid to leave his cart, for there are small boys in the vicinity, and so he stands beside it and sings in a tone which makes the whole block vibrate with sound:—

Tempo di Valse.



Six - teen for a quar-ter!

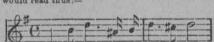
Scarcely has the orange man disappeared around the corner when the broom man comes along. He is fairly loaded down with these useful articles. They hang around his neck, forming a whisk broom necklace. They rest upon his shoulders, under his arm, in his hands, and even protrude from his coat pocket, His cry is the most peculiar and sonorous of any of the vendors. It is a cellarlike tone and seems to come out of his throat as if it were squeezed from a bellows. It is a hollow, sepulciral sound that carries with it a sort of foreboding of coming fil. He is a full bearded individual, and the unkempt growth of hair upon his face usually resembles the straggling strands in a kitchen broom. Here is his cry:—



HEADD AT HOME.

HEADD AT HOME.

Among the most frequent of the itinerants is the man with chair bottoms. Ever since the invention of the perforated chair bottom these men have become as numerous as flies in midsummer. This vendor taps at the basement window generally and sings through the panes his specialty in a high, nasal voice, which is as broken as the old chair which he wants to mend. If put into music it would read thus:—



Chairs to mend? An - y chairs to mend? Just at this time the organ grinder comes along and breaks up the monotony as he twists out an air which has become familiar to all the peoples in the civilized world. As the familiar strains of "Johnnie, Get Your Gun, Get Your Gun" issue from his instrument the man with the emery stone on whools puts in an appearance. He begins to chant

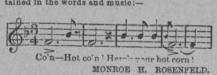


Scis - sors to grind-Scis sors to grind—
when he takes the hint given by the organ grinder's
tune and hurriedly departs.

After the noon hour has gone by the mistress enjoys comparative quiet until the evaning, when as
she, in company with her husband, goes to the
theatre she hears the most musical and pleasing of
any of the street cries. It is the sweet voice of the
flower girl. Stationed at the ferry or the door
of, the playhouse she makes known the
beauties of her flowers in a charming mezzo
soprano voice which falls with a mellow cadence
upon the cars of the theatregoer. Her voice forms
a most pleasing contrast to that of the scissors and
claim men and runs through a gamut of sounds an
octave in length:



Even when the play is over and the merchant and Level when the play is over and the merchant and his wife are hurrying through the crowds, in order to secure seats in the horse car, they hear from far down the street the mellow voice of the hot corn vendor as he sings the palatable suggestion contained in the words and music:—



CLERKS UNDER SURVEILLANCE.

"Do you see that man on the other side of the street?" said a friend who is employed in a downtown bank, while we were walking leisurely up

Broadway one evening last week.

I glanced at the man to whom my friend referred. "He's a detective," he continued, "and he is following us-or rather me. You seem surprised, but it is a fact that every bank in this city has one or two and sometimes three private detectives whose sole duty is to keep track of the doings of employés. It seems to be my turn to be followed now, as this man has been dogging me since yesterday. The watch will continue for several days longer, and after reporting to the bank he will be assigned to follow some one else.

"Not long ago one of our expert bookkeepers sent word to the bank that he was ill and could not come to the office, but the same day his resignation was requested. The fact is, he had spent the night before in dissipation, and the bank, having been informed of this by its detective, his dismissal followed.

"Being dogged about like a criminal is not pleas."

missal followed.

"Being dogged about like a criminal is not pleasant. But what can we do? When protestations are made sgainst it the bank officials assure us that we are missaken, that they do not hire men to watch us. Of course you can't expect them to admit it, but every bank clerk can tell you that such is the case."

Matches? Matches? Three boxes for five?

All the principal business thoroughfares of the large cities in the United States are frequently, especially during the morning and evening hours

is the case."

When I parted from my friend the detective followed me. My friend went toward his home and lowed me. My friend went toward his home and case in the case."

When I parted from my friend the detective followed me. My friend went toward his home and lowed me. My friend went toward his home and case in the principal toward his home and case in the principal toward me. My friend went toward his home and case in the principal toward his home and lowed me. My friend went toward his home and case in the parted from my friend the detective followed me. My friend went toward his home and case in the parted from my friend the detective followed me. My friend went toward his home and case in the parted from my friend the detective followed me. My friend went toward his home and case in the parted from my friend the detective followed me. My friend went toward his home and case in the parted from my friend the detective followed me. My friend went toward his home and case in the parted from my friend the detective followed me. My friend went toward his home and case in the parted from my friend the detective followed me. My friend went toward his home and case in the parted from my friend the detective followed me. The parted from my friend the detective followed me. The parted from my friend the detective followed me. The parted from my friend went toward his home and case in the parted from my friend the detective followed me. The parted from my friend went toward his home and case in the parted from my friend the detective followed me. The parted from my friend the detective followed me. The parted from my friend the detective followed me. The parted from my friend the detective followed me. The parted from my friend the detective followed me. The parted from my friend the detective followed me. The parted from my friend

IN SWALLOW TAILS.

Marshall P. Wilder Relates the Secrets of the Modern Jester in London and New York,

CHAUNCEY DEPEW AND I

Since the Advent of McAllister the "Curfew Will Not Ring To-Night" Entertainer Has Gone to the Wall.



ANY a Jester has found his life a short one-three feet six-and a merry one and while I hope to attain a good old age I do not expect to live much longer than my neighbor. From time immemorial

the little folk have been looked upon as the children of mirth and laughter, and though you might think that they had reason to look on life sadly, I am proud to say that they have done credit to expectation, and merrily worn the cap and bells alike for kings and

The best that the world affords has always been considered by the jester good enough for him. I will not break the record. Indeed, why should be not swim near the top? Does he not skim the cream of life for the amusement of others? Let the skim milk go to the ploughman. The jester will try to be content at the king's right hand. NOAH THE FIRST JESTER.

I am sometimes tempted to feel very proud when I look back and find how ancient is my craft. Adam did not have a jester because in his day men had not learned to laugh. But old Noah certainly had the



THE COURT JESTERS. (From the painting of Zamacois.)

(From the painting of Zamacois.)

in the well known "Arabian Nights." Speaking of the "Arabian Nights" reminds me of those thought-less persons who sometimes cry "Chestmuts" at every story that is not newly coined. Would anybody dare call the "Arabian Nights" or Shakespears chestmuts. A good story told with spirit is never a chestmut. That is my theory. There are no chestmuts.

MODERN ARABIAN NIGHTS.

But the old story teller still exists. You will find him to this day on the street corners of the Persian towns, a group of listeners around him, telling some tale of love and war, turigue and chivalry. When he gets to an interesting part he will stop, just as the weekly story papers do ("to be continued in our next"), and pass his fee about for contributions before he goes on to the end. Oftentimes the story will run on for days, and each day at the same time he will come to the same spot and be joined by the same listeners always anxious to hear the continuation and put their coppers in his cap.

Not only the Shah, but many of the very wealthy men keep up the practice of having theen laugh, but some of the tricks of these chaps would not be apt to give an American audience much cause for cachinnation, such, for example, as going about on all fours, knock-

of the tricks of these chaps would not be apt to give an American audience much cause for cachinnation, such, for example, as going about on all fours, knocking people down and dressing up in finitastic attire. Yet the Shah's jester is a great power in the empire and has a great swing. He has twelve houses and all the wives and favorites that he wants, and is really a high flyer in the country. All the wives he wants! I tell you, talent is properly appreciated in Persia.

Persia.

THEY ARE ARABS, TOO.

Now, if you will run over to Ireland you will find the Irish prototype of the Persian story teller on the streets of Dublin or of Limerick. Many a time I have seen those fellows on the street corners surrounded



MARSHALL P. WILDER.

by a crowd, teiling the thrilling story of how O'Shamus was shot, and pausing at the critical moment to pass his hat while the interest te hot. It is the same act in a different coat, and I would not be surprised at any time to learn that the Irish are direct descendants from the ancient Persians, the world over as an Arab?

It would be an easy task to follow the covered

from the ancient Fersians. Int. Faddy known all the world over as an Arab?

It would be an easy task to follow the parallel further, and to show how from the ancient jester has been evolved the modern comedian. But of the true blue jesters of to-day, the men who evolve their own run out of their liner consciousness, I am compelled to say, in the language of the poet, there are only a few of us left. It is of these entertainers they are called in modern parlance—that I am asked to write, and to let out a few of the secrets of the craft which is admitted to the drawing rooms of England and America to put a frosting, as it were, upon proceedings which are in danger of becoming too formal, not to say dull and stupid. The modern jester comes to the aid of the queen of the drawing room just as the ancient one did to the monarch of old, and, I am happy to say, is still made an henored guest at the table of royalty.

happy to say, is still made an honored guest at the table of royalty.

ENGLAND'S JESTERS.

John Parry was the original centertainer in England, that country which is so loyal to its idols, and which honors its favorites even after they have lost the power of pleasing. Parry wrote a great many sketches and was very popular and successful. The men of today who are chiefly in vogue in England are Corney Grain, a six footer, and George Grosolith, who was connected for a long time with R. D'Oyly Carte's operatic productions. These gentlemen have their fill of engagements during the London season, going from one drawing room to another, where they are always halled with delight, and where their monologues never tire, no matter how often they are repeated—for it is one of the chaming characteristics of the Englishman that he likes to hear a good thing over again. He is not always thirsty for something new, like the American.

In England the jester makes his arrangements with the greatest ease and simplicity. There is nothing disagreeable about it. His terms of fifteen to twenty pounds per night are understood, and money is not

mentioned, as it always is in bargain making America. He goes to the house like any other guest and is received on terms of equality by the lady of the house and the other guests. When he is making his adieus after his brief monologue is over a scaled envelope is handed to him, or else it is sent to his botel the next morning. That is all there is to it. And let me say that in all my experiences there I never lost a peany on account of bad pay.

THISTY DOLLARS & MINUTE.

Some of the more wearthy people will not limit themselves to the usual price. The Baron de Rothschild, for instance, will pay aixty pounds sterling for an entertainment which may not last more than five or ten minutes.

an entertainment which may not last more than five or ten minutes.

Most of my London engagements are in May and June, up to July, when Goodwood ends the season. They are made a long time shead, the only preliminaries being a batch of letters which I send off from my steamer as soon as it reaches Queenstown. The fast mall gets it to London before me, and by the time I reach my botel the answers are coming in. The receptions usually begin at ten and I mount the plane or the chair in the dining room in the neighborhood of eleven. The boxtoss does not announce

the plano or the chair in the dining room in the neighborhood of eleven. The hostess does not announce me as if she owned me body and bresches, but graciously inquires if Mr. Wilder will not favor the company with some of his interesting experiences, or something of that sort.

Rudeness is rarely met with, and it is instantly resented, I promise you.

An American lady who had married into the reyal family invited me to come to her house one evening at half past nine o'clock. I naturally supposed that that meant dinner, so at the hour named I reached the house. The funkey took me into the parior and left me there, saying that the Lady So-and-So and her guests were at dinner. I watted there for some time and as nobody came to relieve my embarrassment I rang the bell and requested the flunkey to take my card to Lady So-and-So, saying that I had been invited to be there and I would like to have her know that there I was.

A LESSON.

A LESSON.

He returned pretty soon saying that she would be He returned pretty soon saying that she would be up in a few minutes the ladies came into the drawing room, leaving the gentlemen at their wine and cigars. Several of the guests, one of whom was the Duchess of Teck, and most of whom knew me, greeted me kindly, but Her Ladyship did not seem to think that I was worthy of particular notice.

Then my American spirit got up and, calling my cab, I was soon bowling down the street. A panting servant caught the cab and stopped it.

"The Lady Blank would like to see you a minute, sir," he said.

Then my American spirit got up and, calling my cab, I was soon bowling down the street. A panting severaut caught the cab and stopped it.

"The Lady Blank would like to see you a minute, sir," he stid.

"Oh, would she?" said I. So I drove back and found the fair American in great distress. She wanted to know why I had deserted her at the critical moment, and when I told her in very blunt terms that I was not in the habit of going to houses where I was not a welcome guest, she asked my pardon very humbly, saying that her apparent rudeness was not intentional but was due to her ignorance of the custom, and begged me not to leave her in the lurch, as it would be extremely embarrassing. Of course I din not do so, but the story got around London, and it did me more good than a little.

Gillerar DID NOT SEE IT.

The most extraordinary thing in London is the Englishman's sense of humor. You have to search hard to find it. The American joke is lost upon him. One day I met Gilbert, the wittlest man in England, and the gruffest.

"How are yon, Mr. Gilbert."

"Feeling well to-day?"

"Pretty well, Mr. Gilbert. But I am afraid you will not see as much of me as you have."

"Indeed, how is that?"

"I lost a tooth this morning."

"An that's too bad, when did you lose it?"
And this from a man who is supposed to see a joke at the longest kind of runge!

In America the entertainer has his hands full in trying to brighten, up the heavy social affairs which fill the long whiter afternoons and evenings, and between Boston, New York and Chicago, with an occasional run over to Philadelphia or Baltimore, he is kept on the jump all the time. His work is not advertised, and the public hear little of it. Why, only a day or two ago I went over to a large party in a house only three blocks from my fat, and I will venture to say that thirty or forty of the guests had never heard my name before. Such is fame!

Since Ward McAllister came into style there has been a marked change in the work of the jester. He must have something fresh and new o

SCIENCE TO BENEVOLENCE. APPEAL OF THE NEW YORK BACTERIOLOGICAL INSTITUTE FOR SINEWS OF WAR.

The officers of the New York Bacteriological Institute have issued in the name of science and humanity the following statement of the needs of

their enterprise:—

We beg to briefly place before you the reasons which have actuated us in taking the initiative steps for the establishment in New York city of an institute specially devoted to the study and treatment of subscribeds, hydropholis, dipitheris and other contagious clienanes.

Petrone time past the past, opened by the illustrious of immense import, which hid fair to revolutionise medicine at an early day.

Dr. Paul Gibber (into pupil of Professor Pasteur and his emulator, Dr. Koch opened in New York an institute for the study of contagious diseases and the preventive treatment of hydrophobia, and since February IR, leid, to date, nearly two bundred persons bitten by rabid dogs, and dogs supposed to be rabid. have been successfully treated at the institute, while during this time about thirty deaths from hydrophobia, of persons not treated, have been reported from different parts of the United States.

treated, have been reported from a second treated treated. Over five hundred persons bitten by dogs not rabid have received treatment as a procaution, all requiring more or less attention, some cases remaining a month or more.

Over five hundred persons bitten by dogs not rabid have resceived treatment as a precaution, all requiring more or less attention, some cases remaining a month or more.

In over five hundred cases the treatment, dressing of wounds or ineculation, has been without charge or compensation, and Dr. (dibler, who has thus far given his time and services to the unfertunate peor who have applied to him, finds it impossible to longer continue without assistance a task of such proportions.

In other countries the general government supports, at great expanse, the laboratories from whence cumante the grand discoveries which have awakened the wonder and suminitation of the world.

With its, however, such a point has not ret been real must be maded to insure the meeter of a landable peak must be med to insure the meeter of a landable an anterprise, and the timeste benefits it will confor upon the suffering poor.

Considering the position occupied by the United States among nations it may runtifully be said that little has been accomplished in the line of original research as compared with the development and progress of experimental and scientific medicine in Europe.

The past career of our failow citizen Dr. Paul Gibler, his valuable researches and works on infectious discover the heaving a summent of the mineral properties and supported and the sacrifices he has made to insure its success pre-eminently suggest him as the proper man to preside over the New York Bacteriological Institute, and with the aid and co-operation of the eminent physicians composing the Medical and Scientific Heard, we sincerely hope to make this institute one which every American shall feel proud of.

These considerations have caused us to associate ourselves for the purpose of establishing an institute as your co-operation of the eminent physicians composing the Medical and Scientific Heard, we sincerely ack your co-operation to hatteriology, and we respectfully ask your co-operation to be a fairly and we respectfully ask your co-operation to be a

To what extent the public spirit of New York is enlisted in this effort to place America abreast with the Old World in the study and development of the newest methods for the cure of contagious disieases now remains to be seen.

NEW REMEDIES. [From the European Edition of the Herald.]

Some time ago, Dr. Brown-Sequard invented an Elixir of Life. It was a very nice clixir, but it did not seem to prolong life to any appreciable extent. But now a Russian doctor has discovered that the clixir, when injected subcutaneously, produces the same effects that are produced by Dr. Koch's lymph, and that it is therefore a remedy for tuberculosis. The Russian doctor means well, but there does not seem to be any necessity for two remedies for the same disease. Why does he not use the clixir as a proventire of broken legs? Of three hundred and eighty-one guines pigs treated with injections of the clixir, not one has been attacked with broken leg. This conclusively shows that the clixir renders the system proof against the attack of the microbe which causes broken legs. That it will cure a well-developed case of broken leg has yet to be proved, but in any event a preventive is far more valuable than a cure, as appears by the well known proverb, which declares their relative value to be one to twelve. In these days of railway travel and football, broken leg has become fearfuly common, and if it can be prevented by inequiation, the discovery will be of immense value. It is to be hoped that the Russian will cease to meddle with consumption and will devote his attention to broken leg. Elixir of Life. It was a very nice elixir, but it did

SECOND PRESIDENT CHOSEN BY THE HOUSE

Where John Quincy Adams Defeated Jackson Through the Influence of Henry Clay.

"ERA OF GOOD FEELING" POLITICS.

Henry Cabot Lodge Describes the Genesis of the Republican Party.



BITTER struggle in Congress which resulted in the election of Jefferson slipped into the background during the years or stormy politics which preceded the War of 1812, and the strain and excitement which it caused were well nigh forgotten when, twenty-four years later, the House was again called upon to choose a President.

The circumstances and conditions were, however, videly different from those of 1801, when this grave duty devolved for the second time upon Congress. When Jefferson was chosen for his first term the contest was sprotracted over several days. There were mutterings of revolution in the air, and the peril of the country was

On this second occasion the work done in the House occupied only a few minutes and the momentous question was decided on a single ballot. Yet this vote was the culmination of one of the



most exciting contests for the Presidency that the country has ever seen, although it was a struggle which involved no political principles.

The end of the War of 1812 and the adoption by the democratic party under the pressure of war of the methods of government which the iederalists had started brought about a complete dissolution of parties. The federalists, who had been discredited by their attitude during the war with England and whose principles had been largely accepted in the conduct of the government, disappeared, and all were merged in what was then known as the republican party.

THE ERA OF GOOD PERLING. As a result Monroe at his second election received every electoral vote but one, and the country entered upon that political period which is known in our political history as the "era of good feeling." No name ever involved a keener satire than this, for there has been no period in our his-

than this, for there has been no period in our history when our politics were more petty or more bitter than during the "era of good feeling." The reason for this was very simple.

The "era of good feeling" was a time when there were no great issues or measures to be discussed, and when the only question to be decided was which one of several candidates, who all professed the same political views, should be chosen to the Presidency. The result of this state of affairs was, of course, that personal factions usurped the place of political parties, and nover was there a better illustration of the fallacy of the specious cry of "Men, not measures," than these years of contending personal ambitions, of savage back biting and of ignoble slander and intrigue.

OIANT COMBATANTS.

The Secretary of State had twice been the successor to the Presidency, and John Quincy Adams, who now held that of fice, was, according to the recent political tradition, a leading candidition, a leading candi-



the recent political tra-dition, a leading candi-date. Then there was Crawford, the Secretary of the Treasury, who had been manipulating Congress with a view to

Congress with a view to securing the nomination of the Congressional caucus, which of late years had selected the successful candidates for the Presidency. Then there was Mr. Clay, the Speaker of the House, the candidate of the Weet, and John C. Calhoun, of South Carolius, the Secretary of War, and De Witt Clinfounded aspirations. Upon these gentlemen and their friends actively engaged in the struggle for the Presidency during Monroe's second term there came suddenly a new candidate, who broke into the campaign without regard to traditions or to caucus nominations or to local desires.

In 1822 one of the Nashville newspapers proposed.

res. In 1822 one of the Nashville newspapers proposed

sires.

In 1822 one of the Nashville newspapers proposed Andrew Jackson as a candidate for the Presidency. The State of Tennessee took up the idea with enthusiasm and formally nominated him for that effice when the Legislature met in the following year. At the same time, in order to prevent an opponent of Jackson from being returned to the Senate, they elected the General a Senator of the United States, and he went to Washington to make his fight for the Presidency there upon the very scene of action.

ACKSON'S CANDIDACY.

With the advent of this new and formidable competitor the struggle wenton with renewed eagerness in every quarter. In August, 1823, Crawford, who occupied perhaps the leading place among the politicians, was stricken with paralysis, and although he remained in the canvass the stroke proved fatal to him both physically and politically. Then the friends of all the other candidates railied against the Gongressional caucus, which was in the Crawford interest, and refused to have anything to do with it. The result was that when the caucus was called in 1824 only sixty-six members attended, of whom sixty-four were friends of the paralyzed Secretary of the Treasury. The caucus proceeded to nominate Crawford, but under the circumstances the result was rather damaging than helpful to their candidate.

As the caucus and its candidate sank the fortunes of the military hero rose. The great State of

nominate Crawford, but under the circumstances the result was rather damaging than helpful to their candidate.

As the caucus and its candidate sank the fortunes of the military hero rose. The great State of Pennsylvania declared for Jackson, and Calboun, accepting the inevitable, withdrew from the list of Presidential candidates and became a candidates and became a candidate for Vice President. At last the great question came to a decision at the poils. The people voted, the electoral colleges met in due course, and then it appeared first that John C. Calhoun was elected Vice President by an overwhelming majority, roceiving 182 out of 201 electoral votes. Four candidates were voted for for the Presidency. Clay received 37 votes, Crawford, 41; Adams, 84, and Jackson, 99. No one had a majority and the election was thrown into the House.

The constitution provided that only the three highest candidates should be veted for and this excited Clay. But although Clay's chances for the Presidency were gone, his position both as a political leader and as the Speaker of the House made him practically the arbiter of the coming election. He was the king maker of the occasion, and the man whom he selected would in all probability be President of the United States.

Between the assembling of the vote by Congress Washington, as may be imagined, presented a scene of polltical activity and inrigue such as has rarely been witnessed.

termined that it was for the best interests of the country and that it was his duty to bring about the election of Adams, although there had never been any warm friendship between them. He saw in Jackson no peculiar qualification for high civic office, and he did not think that the Presidency ought to be made the reward of mere military service. In one of his letters he stated that the Hilling of 2,500 Englishmen at New Orleans did not quality a man to be president, which was no doubt a logical deduction, but was certainly not a popular one. Such, at all events, was his decision, which was soon suspected and then rumored abroad, although Clay gave, of course, no definite and public announcement of what he meant to do.

The rumors, however, sufficed to start certain of Jackson's friends, some of whom were as unscrupulous politicians as this country has ever enjoyed, upon a pian to break down the Speaker and his influence. The performance opened with a letter to a Philadelphia newspaper stating that Clay's support of Adams had been bought by the promise of the Secretaryship of State.

Clay replied in a letter written in the fashion of the time, in which, after denying the charge, he denounced the anonymous author and invited him to come forward and sustain the accusation. Thereupon one George Rreamer, a member of the House from Pennsylvania, who seems to have been an eccentric if not underwitted person and who interested the population of Washington chiefly by wearing an overcoat made of leopard's skin with the spotted side out, arose in his place and announced that he was the author of the letter.

As a matter of fact he was in all probability a mere tool of some of the friends of Jackson, but whoever the originators of the preclous scheme may have been they were not at all prepared for the manner in which Clay mot the sattack. When Kroamer made his announcement the Speaker rose and demanded an immediate inventigation, and acommittee was appointed for the purpose.

This committee, of which Daulei Webster was a m

houn was declared to be sected vice Fresident and it was announced that there was no choice for Fresident.

The Senate then withdrew and the House proceeded to yote by States for President. The gallerles were crammed.

Every member but one was in his place, and excitement was at the highest pitch, every one expecting a protracted contest, and the friends of Crawford vainly hoping that the House, wearied by successive balloting, might finally unite upon their stricken candidate. Those, however, who closely watched the voting knew when New York had yoted that Alams had been elected. But the great crowd assembled did not realize it, and the result was declared in the midst of the hushed silence of expectation and suspense.

Adams had received the votes of thirteen States and was elected President on the first ballot. When announcement by the tellers had been made there was clapping in the galleries and some hissing. In the words of the register of Congressional debates, "When the fact of Mr. Adams having thirteen votes was announced by the tellers some clapping and exultation took place in the galleries and some slight hissing followed."

Thereupon the House, with much wrath, ordered the galleries cleared, and cleared they were accordingly. The thousands of people who had gathered there for this great event trooped out, and the official declaration was made by the Speaker, among empty galleries, to the members of the House alone.

WILD JACKSONIAN IDEAS.

From that day to this the admirers of Andrew



public man in the United States. There never was a scintills of proof to sustain it. On the contrary, the negative was proved beyond any shadow of doubt.

Yet Jackson himself, who was bitterly disappointed at the result and who always firmly believed that anybody who opposed him or differed from him must be a villain, took up the charge and pressed it for years. All his friends and all his newspapers echoed and re-echoed it, as if it was as true as truth itself. Clay tried to hunt it down and finally received from Jackson a definite statement of his authorities. These, too, he ran to earth unif the accusation was seen of all men to be a lie, and yet Jackson, with sublime indifference, kept on insisting upon the charge, while his followers and his orators repeated it on every stump. Apart from all question of proof the charge was monstrous or its face.

Among all our public men there never has been remore galiant, generous, high minded man than Henry Clay. Whatever his defects, he was utterly incapable of anything base or mean, and nothing but unbridled partisan malignity could ever have started or used such an accusation against him. If ever a man acted from pure motives in the decision of a great question it was Henry Clay when by his influence he carried the House of Representatives with him on that memorable with of February, 1255.

In that dramatic scene his was the great figure, and it was an occasion fraught with more meaning than was conveyed by the choice of a President, grave as that action must always be. When Henry Clay threw the Presidency to Adams he drew again the division which had been effaced, and on the lines then marked out parties began to form themselves anew. From that struggle there slowly emerged first the national republican as opposed to the republican party and then the whig and democratic parties.

The obliteration of party lines in reality had been but temporary. The party divisions were fundamental and rooted deep down up the decign the conflicting theories of American government.

Two gastronomic novelties have recently been introduced into the city.

origin, to a young Southern member of the Manhatttan Club who not long ago surprised his waiter and the chif of the club by ordering broiled bacon served with a plain lettuce salad.

der, and inquired a second time to reassure himder, and inquired a second time to reassure himseif that he had heard aright. When the news of
the novelty became noised abroad and the mem
hers of the club learned that it was the gentle
man's entom to order bacon with his lettuce
they indulged in a great deal of good natured chaffing at his expense.
Finally one after another tried the combination,
found it paintable and here testimony of the fact.
The oddity has now become extremely popular in
the city. It is remarkably palatable.
Try it yourself some time if you doubt this state
ment.

The waiter hesitated before filling the novel or

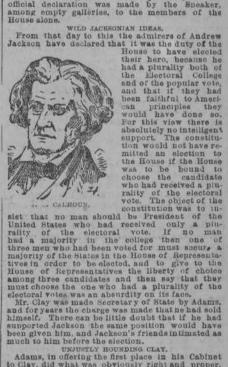
ment.

The other dish is also a combination. It is much affected in the better class of chop houses in both New York and Brooklyn. It consists of a broise English chop, broiled bacon and fried sausages served together.

and the counting of the vote by Congress Washington, as may be imagined, presented a scene of political activity and intrigue such as has rarely been witnessed.

CLAY'S POSITION.

Of all this bustle and wire pulling Henry Clay was, of course, the centre, but the labor we now know was vain, for he had made up his mind what he should do apparently at the very start. He de



much to him before the election.

UNUSTLY HOUNDING CLAT.

Adams, in offering the first place in his Cabinet to Clay, did what was obviously right and proper, and if Clay had refused it he would have shown himself to be afraid of the very charge which was made. As a matter of fact, no meaner or more groundless accusation was ever made against a public man in the United States. There never was a scintilla of proof to sustain it. On the contrary, the negative was proved beyond any shadow of doubt.

TWO GASTRONOMIC NOVELTIES.

The first, it is said, owes its popularity, if not